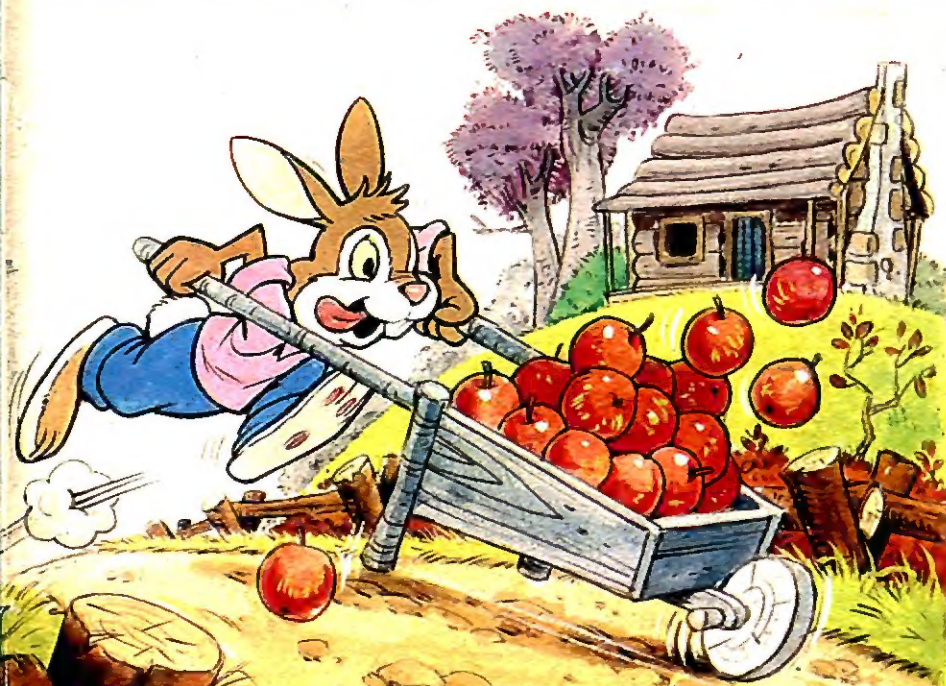




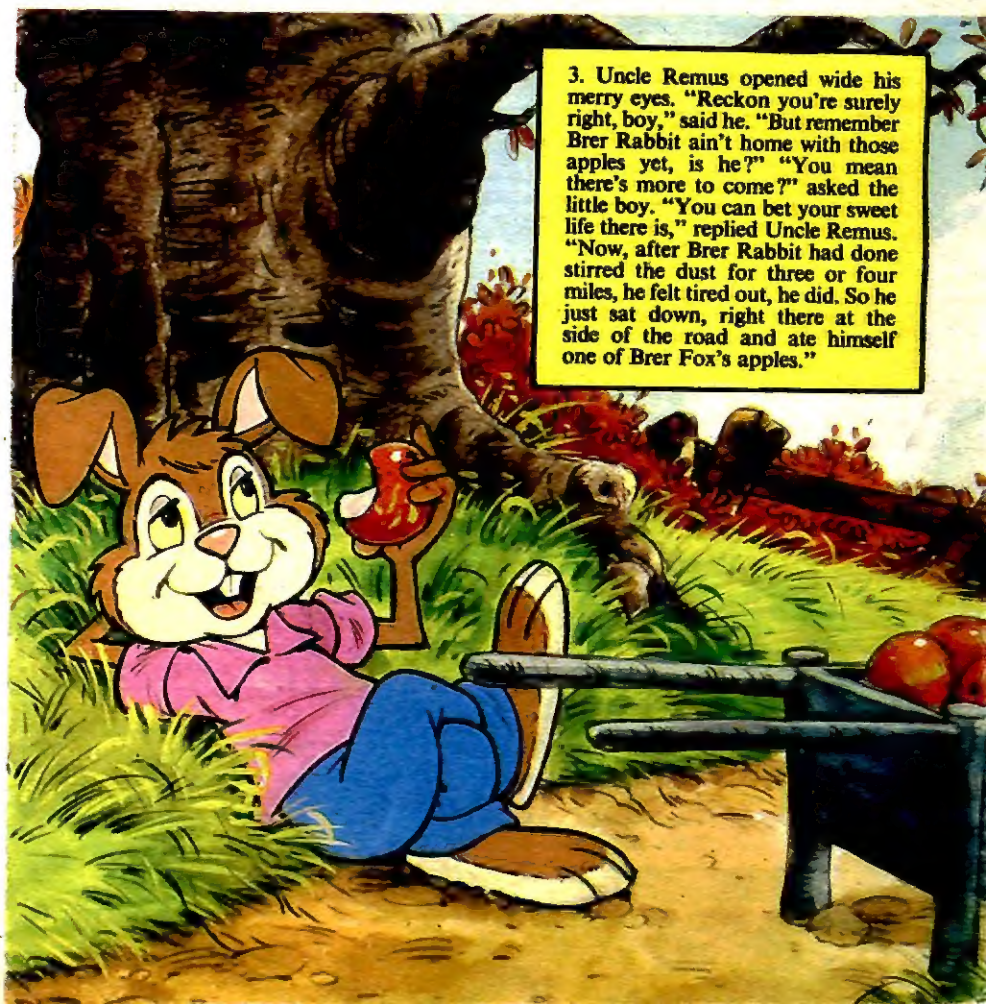
the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney

WAY DOWN YONDER IN BRIAR PATCH

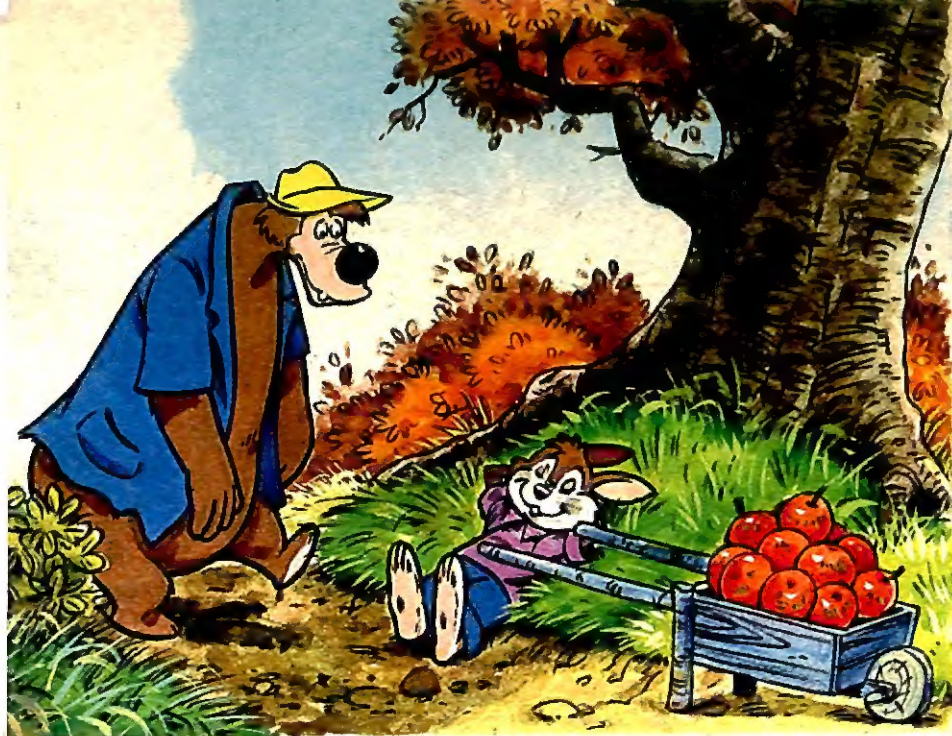
1. It was Saturday evening again and the sun was sinking amid a glory of crimson and gold as the little boy ran along the path that led to the cabin of Uncle Remus, the old man who knew all the stories of Brer Rabbit and his amazing adventures way down in Briar Patch. As usual Uncle Remus was waiting for him. "Come and sit down beside me, honey child," smiled the old man, "cos this week's story is really goin' to make you laugh."



2. "What are you going to tell me about this evening?" gasped the little boy as he settled down beside the old man. Uncle Remus puffed his pipe and chuckled. "Well, let's see, boy," said he, "you'll surely remember that last week I told you how li'l old Brer Rabbit done run off with Brer Fox's apples?" "You did," replied the little boy, "and I don't think it was very honest of Brer Rabbit to steal Brer Fox's apples the way he did."

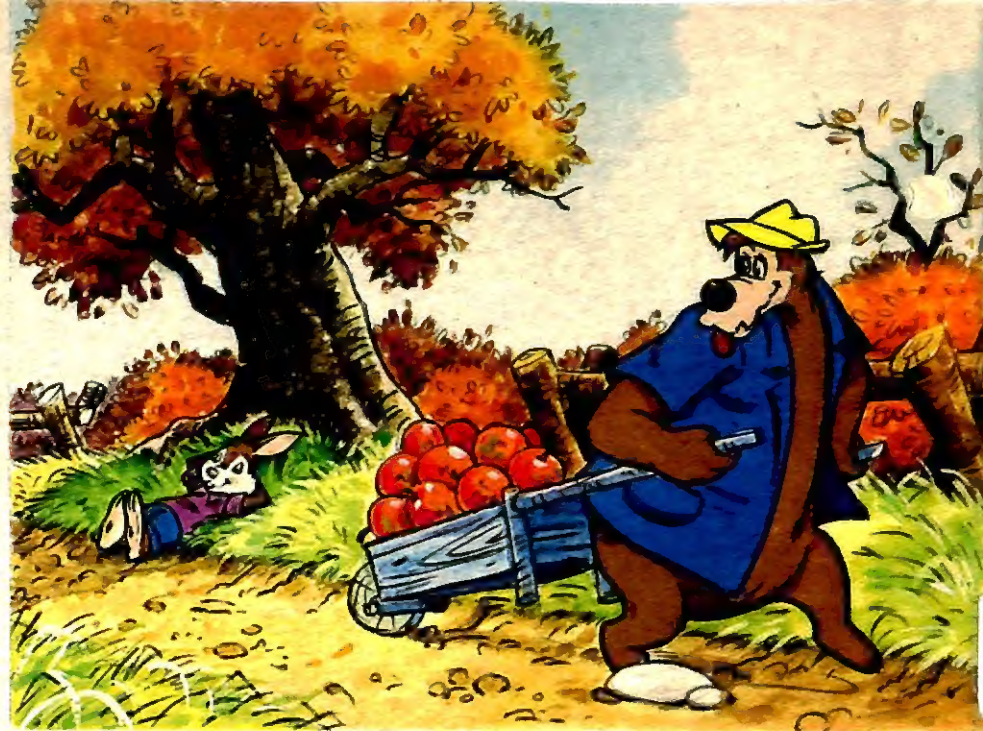


3. Uncle Remus opened wide his merry eyes. "Reckon you're surely right, boy," said he. "But remember Brer Rabbit ain't home with those apples yet, is he?" "You mean there's more to come?" asked the little boy. "You can bet your sweet life there is," replied Uncle Remus. "Now, after Brer Rabbit had done stirred the dust for three or four miles, he felt tired out, he did. So he just sat down, right there at the side of the road and ate himself one of Brer Fox's apples."



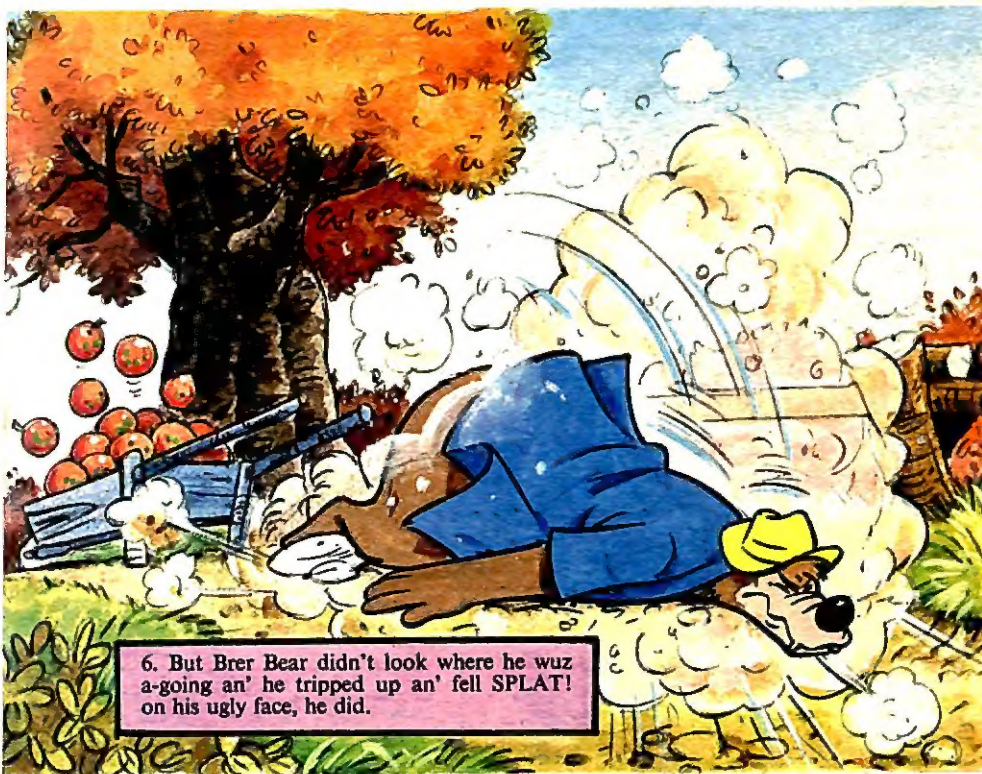
4. Well, it seems like the sun was shining and the day was hot and Brer Rabbit, he sure wuz plumb tuckered out with all that runnin' along with a barrow-load of apples.

Purty soon his eyelids felt real heavy so he closed them. Then in two shakes of a guinea pig's tail Brer Rabbit fell asleep, he did. An' that's how he wuz when his old enemy Brer Bear came lumbering along.

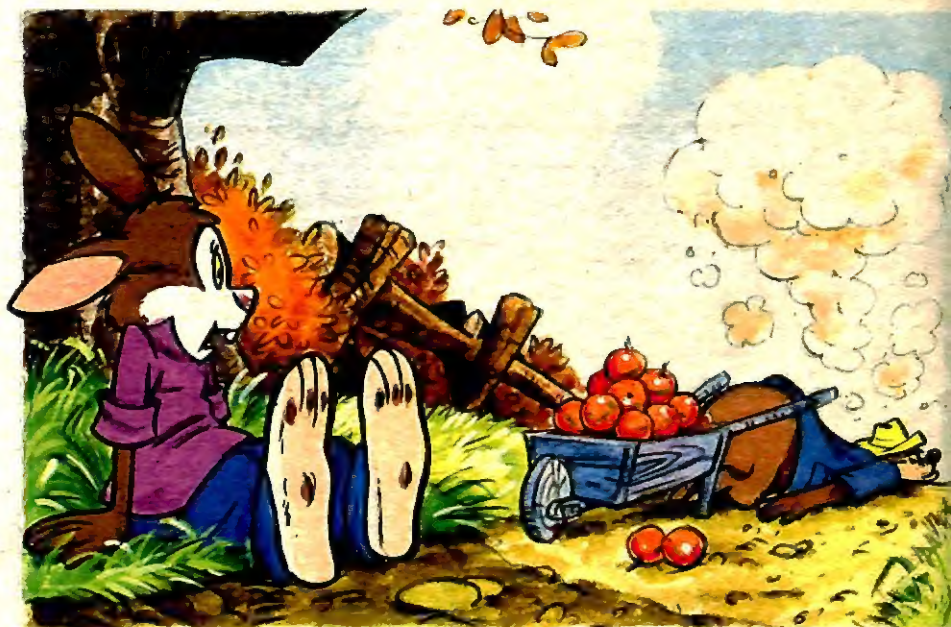


5. When Brer Bear caught sight of Brer Rabbit fast asleep, he stopped, he did, and he grinned for he'd never caught Brer Rabbit napping before. No, boy, you can sure bet your best boots he never did.

Then he looked at the barrow-load of apples and his mouth surely began to water. "Lawksie me," says he, "it's pippin-apple pie for the Bear family tonight it is." And very quietly he tippy-toed away with those apples.

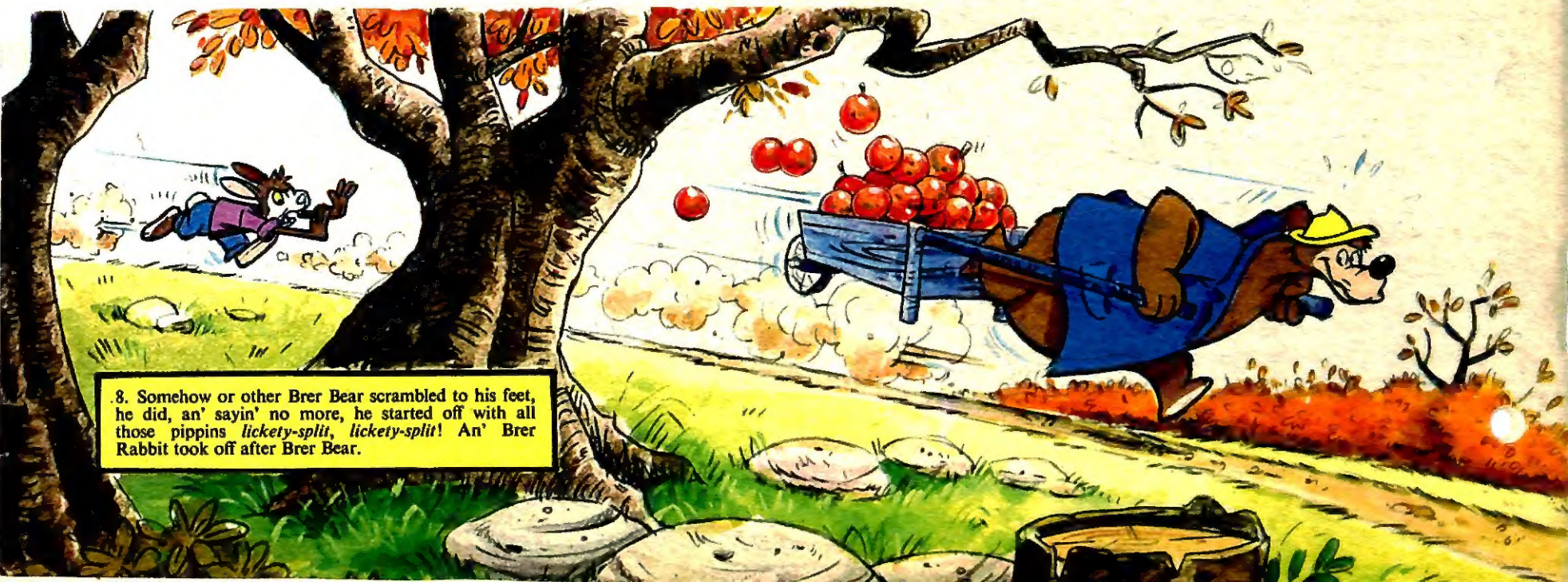


6. But Brer Bear didn't look where he wuz a-going an' he tripped up an' fell SPLAT! on his ugly face, he did.



7. An' the noise of that SPLAT! woke up Brer Rabbit, it did. He opened his li'l blue eyes an' what did he see? Right, boy! He saw Brer Bear a-sprawlin' an' a-chewin' the dust.

"What you doin' there, Brer Bear?" he asks and Brer Bear replies "Groogh! Splutter! Urgh!" an' Brer Rabbit didn't understand a word of what he was a-sayin'.



8. Somehow or other Brer Bear scrambled to his feet, he did, an' sayin' no more, he started off with all those pippins lickety-split, lickety-split! An' Brer Rabbit took off after Brer Bear.



9. "Stop, Brer Bear, stop!" shouted Brer Rabbit. But Brer Bear was havin' no stoppin' business, he wasn't. 'Stead o' stoppin' he just kept his footsies whacking away at the grit as though he'd never stop runnin' again. But he couldn't shake off Brer Rabbit.

That's the way it wuz all goin' when round a bend in the road, way up ahead, came none other than *Brer Fox himself!*



10. When Brer Rabbit saw Brer Fox, he started shoutin' he did.

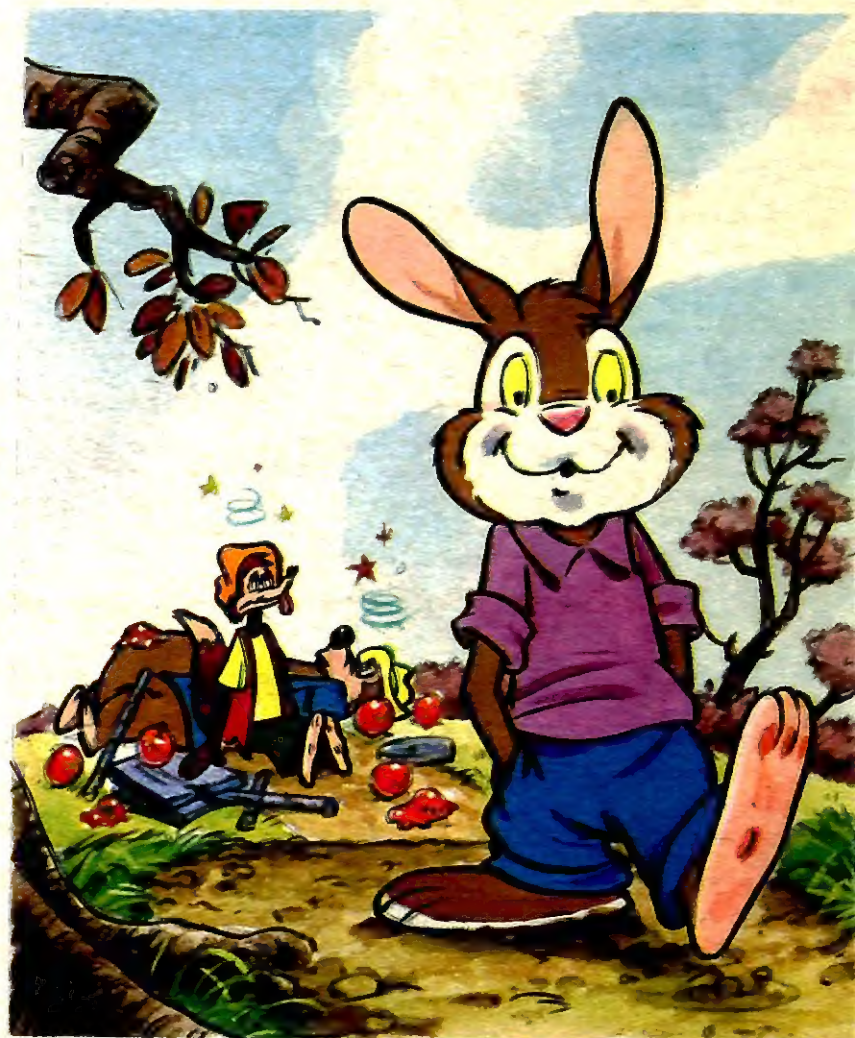
"Stop, Brer Bear, stop!" he shouted. "If Brer Fox sees you runnin' off with his apples, he surely will be mad! Reckon he'll hang one on your nose, he will. So you stop! You hear?" But Brer Bear kept a-goin' 'cos he reckoned Brer Rabbit was up to his tricks again.

But this time Brer Rabbit wuz surely tellin' true as Brer Bear found out when Brer Fox hung a mighty big punch on his nose! "So it wuz *you* who stole my pippins, wuz it?" he bellowed.



11. Well, Brer Bear didn't like that, he didn't, so as soon as he could see again he let Brer Fox have one in the eye in return an' one thing leadin' to another, there they wuz, hammerin' away like they wuz a-hammerin' nails.

Brer Rabbit just sat there an' he laughed, he did, an' those apples flew here, there an' every place.



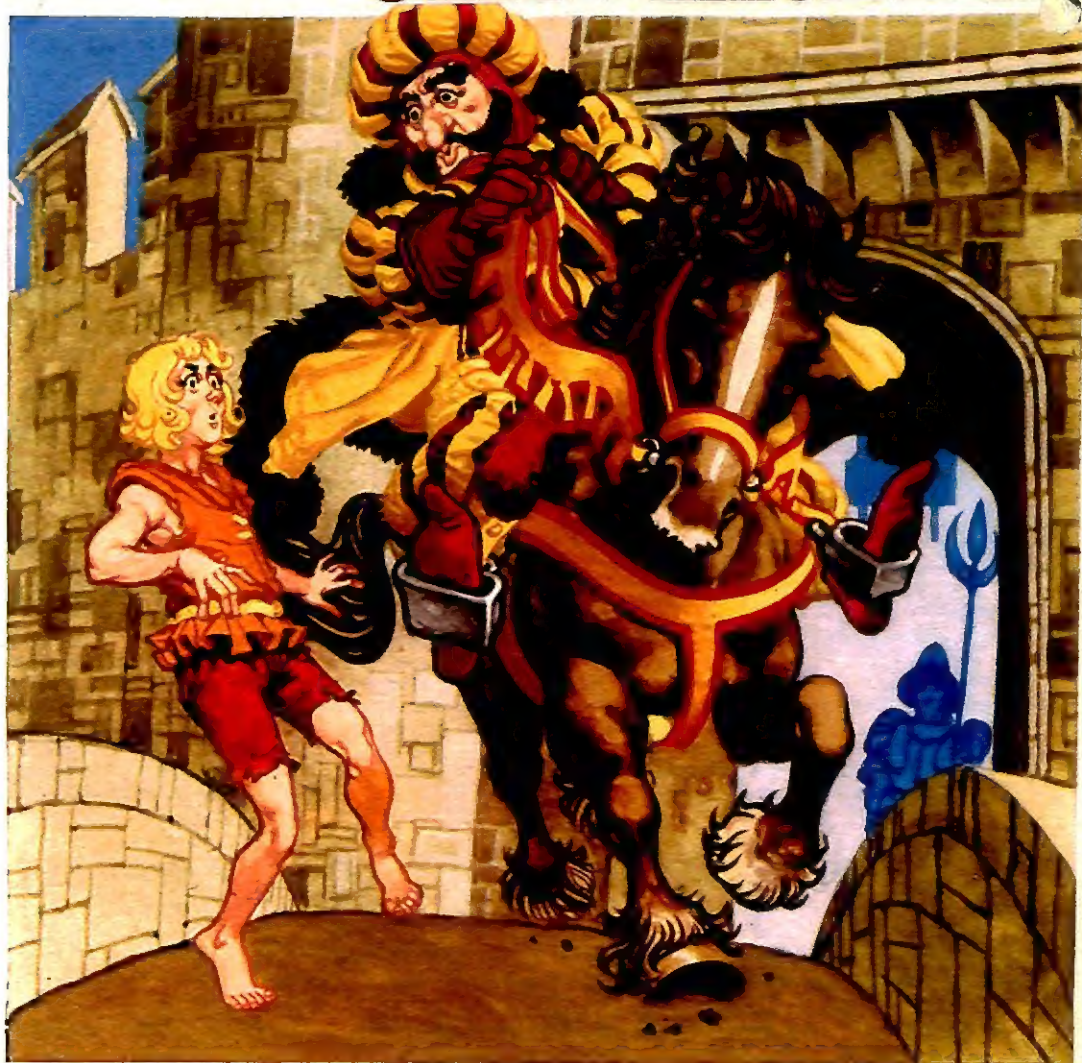
12. An' when it wuz all over, there wasn't much left of the barrow, there wuzn't—an' precious few pippin-apples. So Brer Rabbit, he just put his hands in his pockets, he did, an' went off whistlin'.

Ah well, that's the way it wuz down in Briar Patch in them days, boy. Now you come along next week an' I'll tell you another tale of that li'l rascal Brer Rabbit. And the little boy thanked Uncle Remus, said good-night and went happily home to bed.

The story of **CINDERLAD**



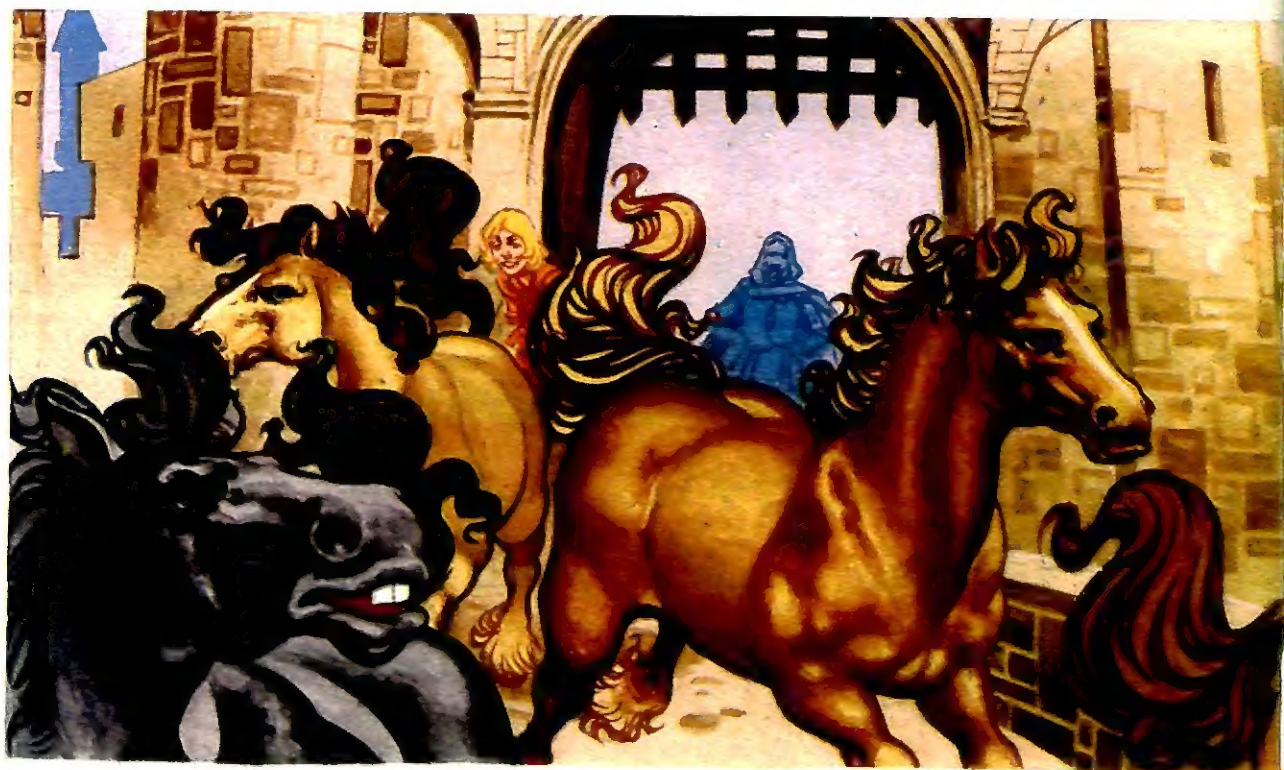
1. Last week you read how Cinderlad's two brothers set out in search of fame and fortune. They both returned home in shame for they had failed. Now it was Cinderlad's turn and bravely he set out, determined to succeed where his brothers had met with disaster. The rustling trees and the great white road seemed to be calling him to high adventure as he strode along, the summer sun shining on his merry face.



2. He came at last to a royal palace. Never in his life had he ever seen such a splendid place and wonderingly he started across the bridge which led to the magnificent gates. Then a horseman, clad in velvet and cloth of gold, came galloping out of the gates and Cinderlad had to step back quickly to avoid falling under the horse's thundering hoofs.



3. The King (for it was none other than he) drew rein and stared down haughtily at Cinderlad. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" he asked. "Speak up, lad, for it is your king you see before you." Cinderlad gasped and for a few moments was unable to speak. When he had at last found his tongue he said: "Y-your Majesty, my name is Cinderlad and I am in search of fame and fortune." The King looked him over carefully and liked the lad's brave handsome face. "Then I can help you to fame and fortune," said the King, "if you agree to perform a task that I will set you." Cinderlad smiled with pleasure. "Try me, Your Majesty," said he, and bowed to the King.



4. "If you will watch my seven ponies for a whole day and tell me when night falls what they eat and drink, you shall have my daughter, the Princess Marigold, as your wife and half my kingdom as well. But if you fail, I will have you beaten all the way back to your home." At once Cinderlad agreed and he was given a bed in the palace. Next morning as the sun rose, the King's Chief Huntsman let the seven ponies out of their stable and they ran away with Cinderlad running swiftly behind them.



5. The palace was several miles behind when Cinderlad saw a beautiful woman who sat at a spinning-wheel outside a cave. She cried to Cinderlad: "Come hither, come hither, my handsome boy, and let me comb your hair for you." But Cinderlad laughed: "I cannot stay." When he said this, the beautiful woman scowled. She was in truth a wicked witch named Eldritch.



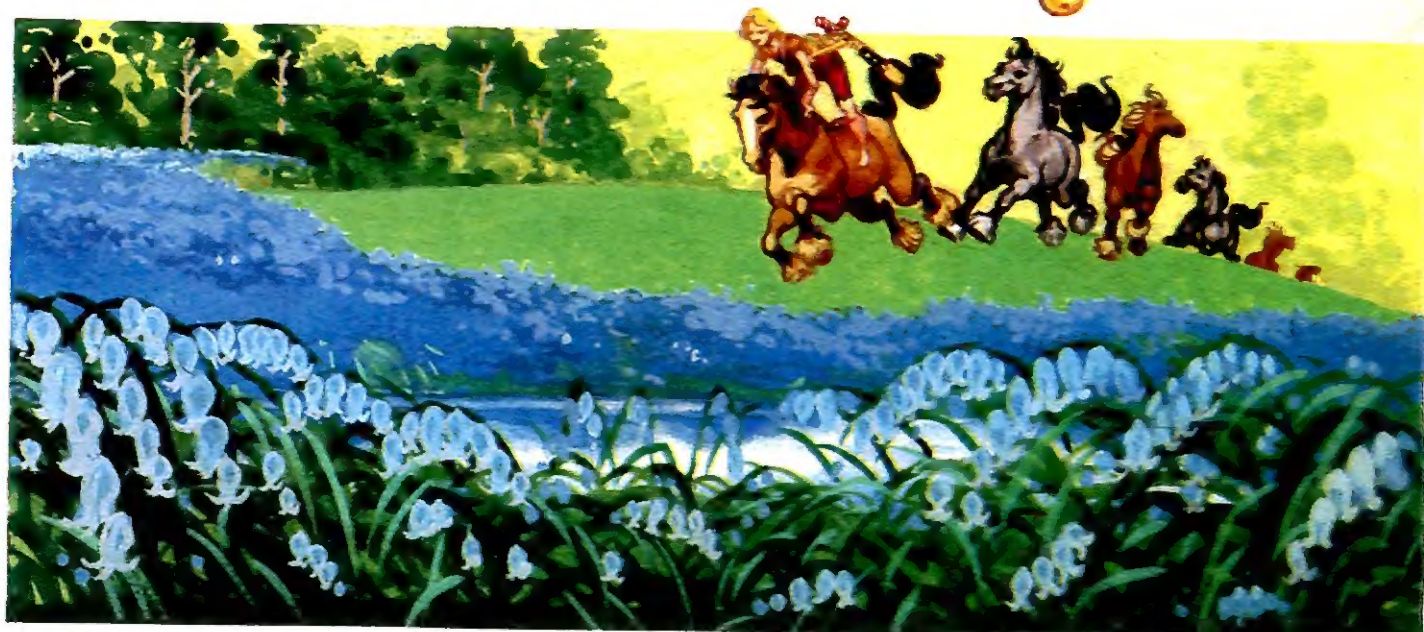
6. When Cinderlad was safely past the witch, the youngest pony turned its head and said "Get on my back for we still have a long way to go." Cinderlad had never heard a pony speak before but recovering quickly from his surprise, he leaped upon the pony's back. And thus they journeyed onward a long long way. "Do you see anything strange now?" asked the pony. "No," replied Cinderlad. So they galloped onward for several more miles. "Do you see anything strange now?" asked the pony. "Oh, no," Cinderlad shouted. When they had left many more miles behind them the pony again called out "Do you see anything strange now?" and Cinderlad cried: "Yes, now I see something that is white. It looks like the trunk of a great birch tree." "Yes," answered the pony, "that is the tree we are searching for."



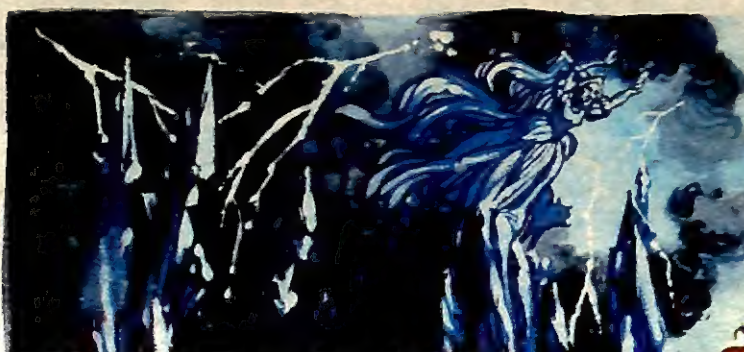
7. As they drew nearer Cinderlad saw that a sword was hanging on the trunk of the tree. "Dismount and take the sword," said the youngest pony and Cinderlad obeyed.



8. "Buckle the sword to your waist," said the youngest pony, "for you must take it with you. Listen well to what I now tell you. We are in fact the seven brothers of Princess Marigold, she whom you are to marry if you can tell our father the King what we eat and drink. You see, the beautiful woman who called to you and offered to comb your hair is a wicked witch named Eldritch. She has always hated our father and one day she cast an evil spell on us and changed us all to ponies. The spell can be broken only on our sister's wedding day by he who touches each of us with that magic sword."



9. Well, you can imagine how excited Cinderlad was when he heard all this. "Now remount me," went on the youngest pony, "for our journey is not yet ended." So Cinderlad remounted the pony and away they all went on the wings of the wind. They came at last to a silver pool, shimmering in the sunlight. The pool was surrounded by a carpet of nodding bluebells and to Cinderlad's astonishment the flowers were ringing just like real bells. "Here," said the youngest pony, "we drink of the water of the Silver Pool and eat the ringing bluebells. Now you know what to tell our father when we return home this evening."



10. When the ponies had eaten and drunk their fill, they set off back to the royal palace with Cinderlad still riding the youngest pony.

Uphill and downhill raced the cavalcade, along dusty roads and across lush green meadows. It was as they passed the rocky face of a towering cliff that Cinderlad saw once again the witch Eldritch. There she was, on the edge of the cliff, tossing her hands wildly in the air and screeching at the top of her voice with unbridled fury, while thunder and lightning rent the air.



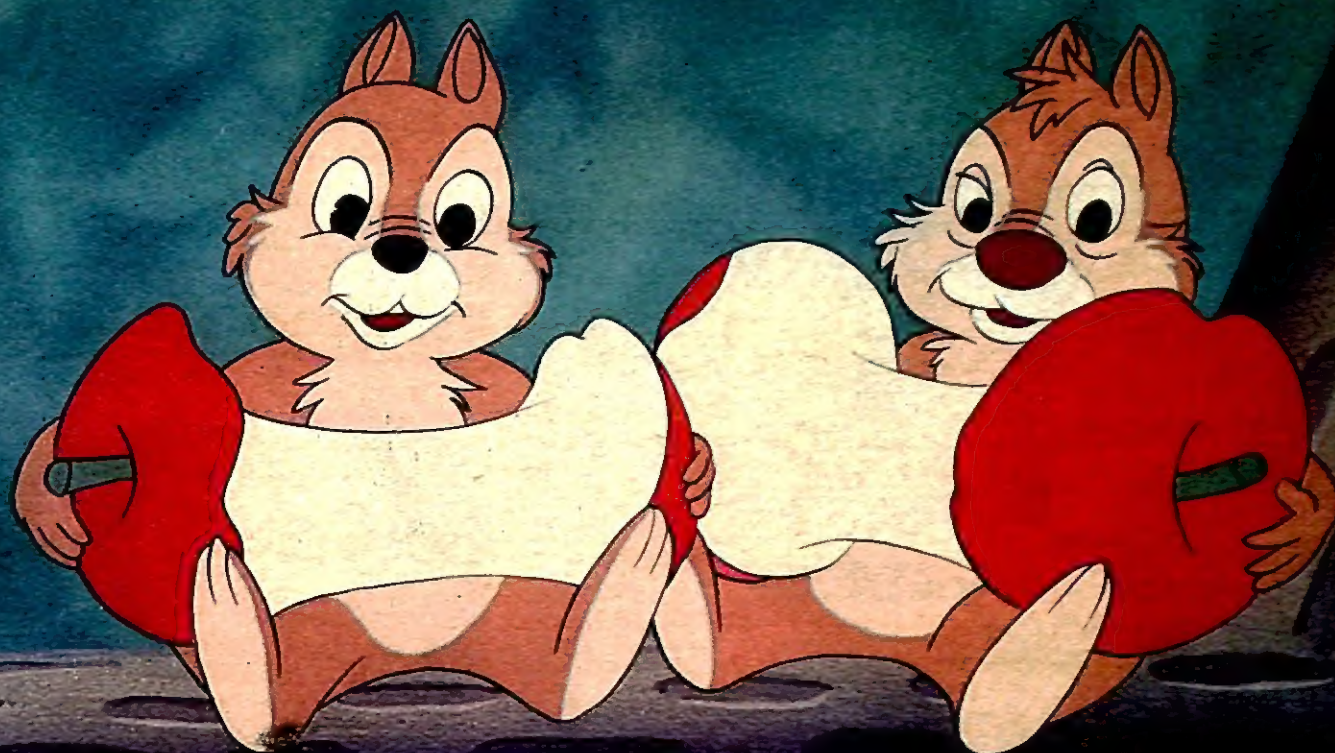
11. Eldritch knew that her reign of evil over the seven princes was at an end. It was all but dark when Cinderlad rode into the palace courtyard and the ponies clustered round him as he dismounted. The King was waiting anxiously. "Have you watched well and faithfully over my ponies the whole day?" he wanted to know. "I have done my best," replied

Cinderlad. "Then can you tell me what the ponies ate and drank?" asked the King. Cinderlad smiled. "They drank of the water of the Silver Pool and they ate the ringing bluebells," he said. The King smiled. "You have done well," said he. "Tomorrow you shall marry my beautiful daughter Marigold and I shall pass half my kingdom over to you."



12. The next morning all was made ready for the wedding. As soon as the marriage was over, Cinderlad who was now richly clad in cloth of silver touched each of the seven ponies in turn with the magic sword. One after another they were all changed into tall handsome princes.

13. What more remains to be told? Only that Cinderlad, being such a good boy, brought his old father and mother and his two brothers to live with him at the palace. Everybody was now happy so let us join in with the cheers of "Long live Prince Cinderlad and Princess Marigold! May they live forever!"



CHIP 'N' DALE chip in with some riddles to make you laugh

Of course, you watch the exciting "Wonderful World of Disney" on television, don't you? And you will have seen these two Merry-makers, won't you? They are usually up to all sorts of mischief with your old friend Donald Duck.

Well, it seems that one day Chip and Dale, these two lovable chipmunks, found themselves an apple-tree.

"YIPPEEEEE!" shouted Chip. "Just look at all those apples! Hundreds of 'em, thousands of 'em, millions of 'em! Oh, goody goody gumdrops! Let's start eating right away."

Then he looked round at Dale but Dale had already started in on all those sugary red apples.

Side by side sat the two little chipmunks and ate and ate and ate and in between all their crunchy bites, they asked each other riddles.

It was Chip's turn first.

"Tell me—*munch! munch!*" said he. "Why are new shoes like chipmunks?"

"Easy!" laughed Dale. "Because they often

squeak. *Munch! Munch!* Now, Chip, you tell me—because I know you like nuts—what is the softest nut of all?"

Chip thought and thought but he couldn't think of the answer to that one.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dale. "A doughnut, of course. Caught you that time, Chip. *Munch! Munch!*"

Chip threw away a core he had finished with. "All right—you think you're very clever," he chuckled. "What are the largest ants?"

Dale scratched his head. "Give up!" said he at last.

"Gi-ants!" giggled Chip. "Here's another riddle for you. Where is the best place to keep apples?"

"In my tummy!" replied Dale. "*Munch! Munch!*" And he swallowed a big piece of apple. "What bird reminds you of eating?"

"A swallow?" asked Chip.

"Right," said Dale.

"And what ball never bounces?" Chip went on.

"A snowball," chuckled Dale. "What side—

munch! munch!—of an apple do you eat first?"

"Oh, that's a very easy one," replied Chip. "The outside! Why can I jump higher than this apple-tree?"

"Because the apple-tree can't jump at all," grinned Dale. "What is the fastest vegetable?"

"The runner bean! *Munch! Munch!*" crunched Chip. He watched a big black bird fly past. "I say, Dale, what crow never flies?" he asked.

Dale picked another apple—his twenty-third—and took a big bite before answering. Then he said "Would it be a scare-crow?"

"It would!" smiled Chip. "But what lions have no tails?"

"*Munch! Munch!* I don't know the answer to that one," answered Dale.

"Well, I do!" shouted a strange voice. "The answer is dandelions! And you're up my apple-tree and you're eating my apples! So *scram!*"

"Corks! Donald Duck!" gasped Chip 'n' Dale together and they scrambled!

WILD LIFE

of our Wonderful World

this
week

THE HONEY BEE



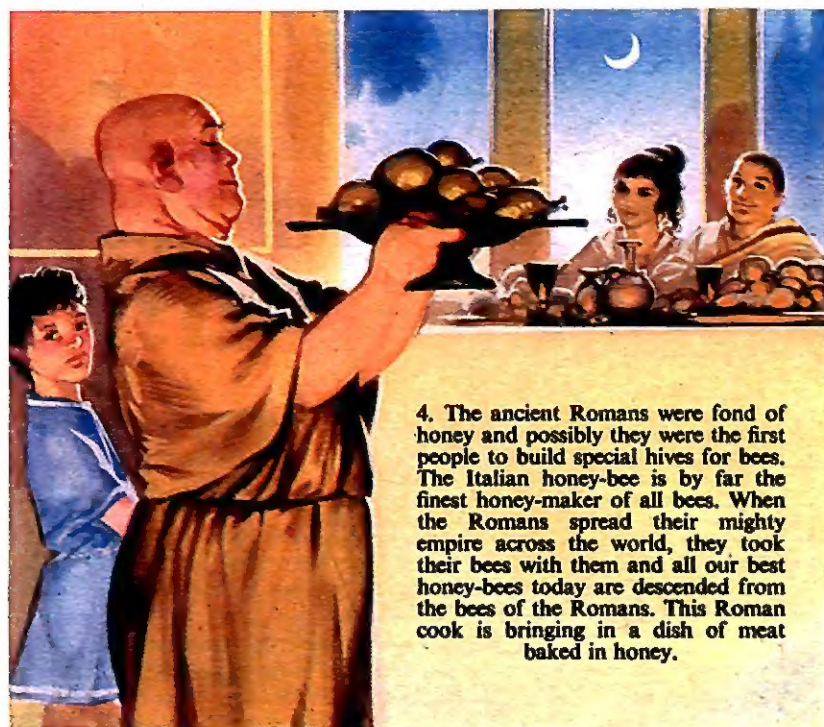
1. What do you know about bees? They make honey, don't they? But do you know *how* they make honey? Well, the bees make honey from the sweet juice of flowers. This sweet juice is called nectar. In this picture a bee is drinking nectar from a beautiful flower with its long tongue.



2. The bee now full of nectar flies back to its home which is called a hive. A bee-hive is a small wooden house with a roof that can be lifted off and inside the hive the bees make their honey as you will read later on these pages. On summer days you can see the bees flying in and out of the hive, hard at work. Some of them act as soldiers, guarding the hive in case other insects try to get inside to eat the honey. Other bees use their wings to fan the inside of the hive to keep it cool and to sweep away odd tiny bits of rubbish.



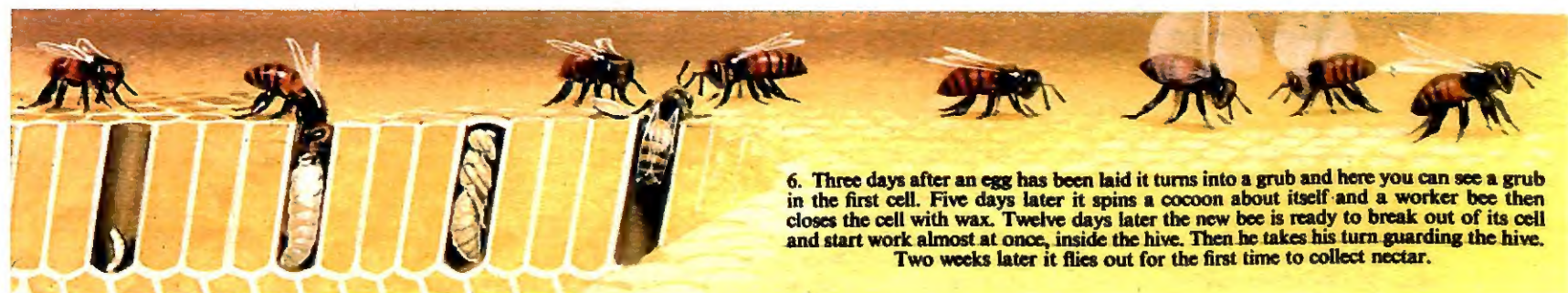
3. Wild bees make hives out of caves and holes in rocks and trees. There have been bees on earth for thousands of years. How do we know this? Well, bees are often trapped in the sticky resin of trees. The resin sets hard and becomes amber, as you can see in the top right-hand corner of this picture. That piece of amber containing a bee is thousands of years old.



4. The ancient Romans were fond of honey and possibly they were the first people to build special hives for bees. The Italian honey-bee is by far the finest honey-maker of all bees. When the Romans spread their mighty empire across the world, they took their bees with them and all our best honey-bees today are descended from the bees of the Romans. This Roman cook is bringing in a dish of meat baked in honey.



5. In every hive there is one Queen Bee—and only one! She does nothing but lay eggs and she is always surrounded by worker-bees. It is their job to feed her and to help her place the eggs she has laid in wax cells made by the bees. The wax is formed under the worker-bees' stomachs.



6. Three days after an egg has been laid it turns into a grub and here you can see a grub in the first cell. Five days later it spins a cocoon about itself and a worker bee then closes the cell with wax. Twelve days later the new bee is ready to break out of its cell and start work almost at once, inside the hive. Then he takes his turn guarding the hive. Two weeks later it flies out for the first time to collect nectar.



7. The large bee in this picture is known as a "drone". He is a male bee and is easily recognisable because of his size and his big eyes. He does no work at all and has an easy life being looked after and waited on by other bees until he has mated with the Queen Bee. Then he is thrown out of the hive by the other bees to look after himself. Not being used to this, he soon dies.



8. In olden times monks always kept bees. In those days hives were made of straw. After the monks had taken the honey from the hives, the monks lit torches and drove the bees out with smoke. The monks threw away the old hives and the homeless bees then had to start all over again in another hive.



9. Here is a piece of honey comb in a modern wooden frame. The comb is made of wax from under the worker bees' stomachs. The wooden frame can be taken out, emptied and put back again without disturbing the bees too much. Of course, bees make honey for themselves—so a beekeeper leaves enough honey in a hive to last the bees through the winter.



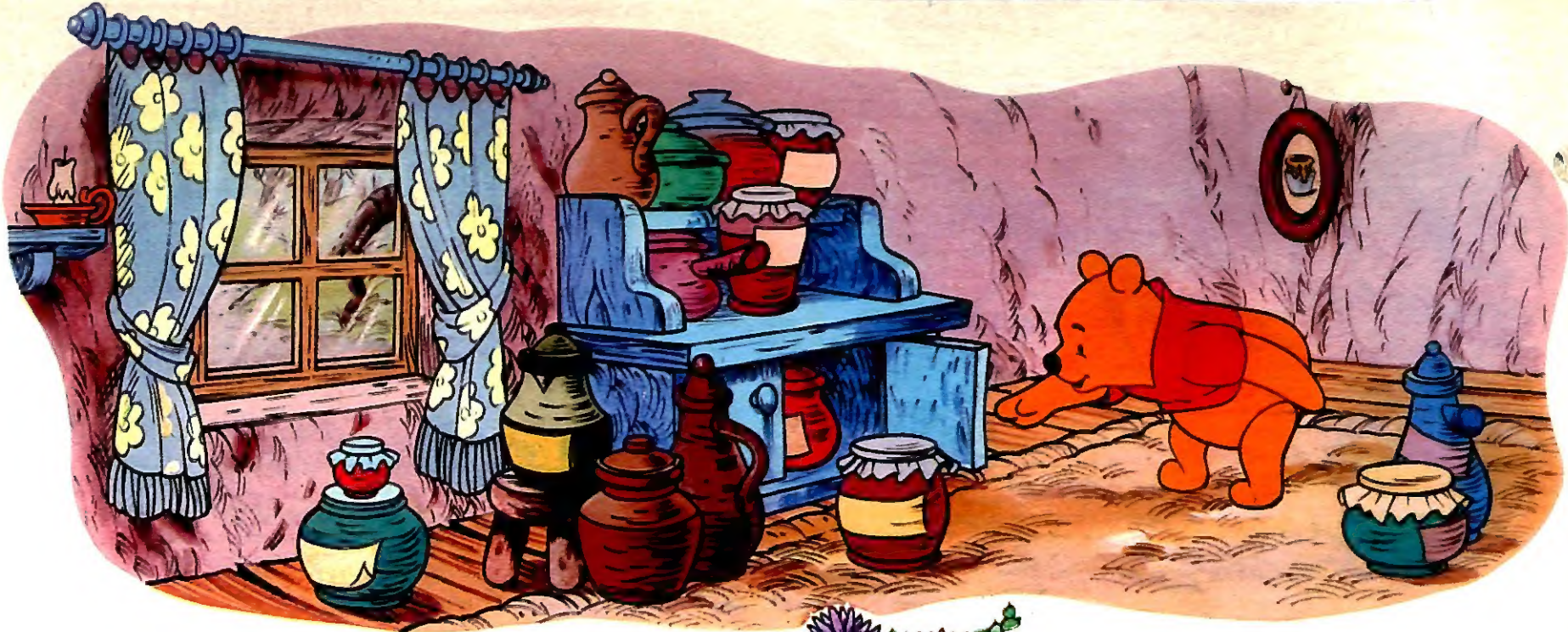
10. Bees are very brave insects indeed. They have often to fight off their enemies—and they have many—wasps, mice, moths and several kinds of large animals, and in some countries bears, who love honey. A fighting bee will sting an enemy. When it stings it pumps poison for several minutes. But the act of stinging kills the bee itself.



11. Some of the eggs laid by the Queen, hatch out into new queens. There can only be one queen at a time in the hive so the old queen may move to another hive. When she does, she takes half the bees with her. When bees move they all go together in a swarm and right in the middle of the swarm is the Queen Bee. When a beekeeper wants to move a swarm, he first finds the Queen Bee. All her children follow her to wherever she is taken. If the beekeeper is very careful and handles the swarm gently, the bees will not get excited and sting.



12. In high summer the worker-bee's life is short—only a few weeks—but in that time it may make hundreds of journeys and travel hundreds of miles. It lives for one thing only, to find nectar to make into honey. It is happiest in a world of flowers and orchards and in the warm sunshine. So next time you see a bee, say "Thank you, little busy bee, for all the honey you make for me."



The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which a search is organised, and Piglet nearly meets the Heffalump again.

Pooh was sitting in his house one day, counting his pots of honey, when there came a knock on the door.

"Fourteen," said Pooh. "Come in. Fourteen. Or was it fifteen? Bother. That's muddled me."

"Hallo, Pooh," said Rabbit.

"Hallo, Rabbit. Fourteen, wasn't it?"

"What was?"

"My pots of honey what I was counting."

"Fourteen, that's right."

"Are you sure?"

"No," said Rabbit. "Does it matter?"

"I just like to know," said Pooh humbly. "So as I can say to myself: 'I've got fourteen pots of honey left.' Or fifteen, as the case may be. It's sort of comforting."

"Well, let's call it sixteen," said Rabbit. "What I came to say was: Have you seen Small anywhere about?"

"I don't think so," said Pooh. And then, after thinking a little more, he said: "Who is Small?"

"One of my friends-and-relations," said Rabbit carelessly.

This didn't help Pooh much, because Rabbit had so many friends-and-relations, and of such different sorts and sizes, that he didn't know whether he ought to be looking for Small at the top of an oak-tree or in the petal of a buttercup.

"I haven't seen anybody today," said Pooh, "not so as to say 'Hallo, Small!' to. Did you want him for anything?"

"I don't want him," said Rabbit. "But it's

always useful to know where a friend-and-relation is, whether you want him or whether you don't."

"Oh, I see," said Pooh. "Is he lost?"

"Well," said Rabbit, "nobody has seen him for a long time, so I suppose he is. Anyway," he went on importantly, "I promised Christopher Robin I'd Organize a Search for him, so come on."

Pooh said good-bye affectionately to his fourteen pots of honey, and hoped they were fifteen; and he and Rabbit went out into the Forest.

"Now," said Rabbit, "this is a Search, and I've Organized it—"

"Done what to it?" said Pooh.

"Organized it. Which means—well, it's what you do to a Search, when you don't all look in the same place at once. So I want you, Pooh, to search by the Six Pine Trees first, and then work your way towards Owl's House, and look out for me there. Do you see?"

"No," said Pooh. "What—"

"Then I'll see you at Owl's House in about an hour's time."

"Is Piglet organized too?"

"We all are," said Rabbit, and off he went.

* * * *

As soon as Rabbit was out of sight, Pooh remembered that he had forgotten to ask who Small was, and whether he was the sort of friend-and-relation who settled on one's nose, or the sort who got trodden on by mistake,

and as it was Too Late Now, he thought he would begin the Hunt by looking for Piglet, and asking him what they were looking for before he looked for it.

"And it's no good looking at the six Pine Trees for Piglet," said Pooh to himself, "because he's been organized in a special place of his own. So I shall have to look for the Special Place first. I wonder where it is." And he wrote it down in his head like this:

ORDER OF LOOKING FOR THINGS.

1. Special Place. (To find Piglet.)
2. Piglet. (To find who Small is.)
3. Small. (To find Small.)
4. Rabbit. (To tell him I've found Small.)
5. Small Again. (To tell him I've found Rabbit.)

"Which makes it look like a bothering sort of day," thought Pooh, as he stumped along.

The next moment the day became very bothering indeed, because Pooh was so busy not looking where he was going that he stepped on a piece of the Forest which had been left out by mistake; and he only just had time to think to himself: "I'm flying. What Owl does. I wonder how you stop—" when he stopped.

Bump;

"Ow!" squeaked something.

"That's funny," thought Pooh. "I said 'Ow!' without really oo'ing."

"Help!" said a small, high voice.

"That's me again," thought Pooh. "I've had an Accident, and fallen down a well, and my voice has gone all squeaky and works before I'm ready for it, because I've done something to myself inside. Bother!"

"Help—help!"

"There you are! I say things when I'm not trying. So it must be a very bad Accident." And then he thought that perhaps when he did try to say things he wouldn't be able to; so, to make sure, he said loudly: "A Very Bad Accident to Pooh Bear."

"Pooh!" squeaked the voice.

"It's Piglet!" cried Pooh eagerly. "Where are you?"

"Underneath," said Piglet in an underneath sort of way.

"Underneath what?"

"You," squeaked Piglet. "Get up!"

"Oh!" said Pooh, and scrambled up as quickly as he could. "Did I fall on you, Piglet?"

"You fell on me," said Piglet, feeling himself all over.

"I didn't mean to," said Pooh sorrowfully.

"I didn't mean to be underneath," said Piglet sadly. "But I'm all right now, Pooh, and I *am* so glad it was you."

"What happened?" said Pooh. "Where are we?"

"I think we're in a sort of Pit. I was walking along, looking for somebody, and then suddenly I wasn't any more, and just when I got up to see where I was, something fell on me. And it was you."

"So it was," said Pooh.

"Yes," said Piglet. "Pooh," he went on nervously, and came a little closer, "do you think we're in a Trap?"

Pooh hadn't thought about it at all, but now he nodded. For suddenly he remembered how he and Piglet had once made a Pooh Trap for Heffalumps, and he guessed what had happened. He and Piglet had fallen into a Heffalump Trap for Poohs! That was what it was.

"What happens when the Heffalump comes?" asked Piglet trembling, when he had heard the news.

"Perhaps he won't notice *you*, Piglet," said Pooh encouragingly, "because you're a Very Small Animal."

"But he'll notice *you*, Pooh."

"He'll notice *me*, and I shall notice *him*," said Pooh, thinking it out. "We'll notice each other for a long time, and then he'll say: 'Ho-ho!'"

Piglet shivered a little at the thought of that "Ho-ho!" and his ears began to twitch.

"W-what will *you* say?" he asked.

Pooh tried to think of something he would say, but the more he thought, the more he felt that there *is* no real answer to "Ho-ho!" said by a Heffalump in the sort of voice this Heffalump was going to say it in.

"I shan't say anything," said Pooh at last. "I shall just hum to myself, as if I was waiting for something."

"Then perhaps he'll say 'Ho-ho!' again?" suggested Piglet anxiously.

"He will," said Pooh.

Piglet's ears twitched so quickly that he had to lean them against the side of the Trap to keep them quiet.

"He will say it again," said Pooh, "and I shall go on humming. And that will Upset him. Because when you say 'Ho-ho!' twice, in a gloating sort of way, and the other person only hums, you suddenly find, just as you begin to say it the third time that—that—well, you find——"

"What?"

"That it isn't," said Pooh.

"Isn't what?"

Pooh knew what he meant, but, being a Bear of Very Little Brain, couldn't think of the words.

"Well, it just isn't," he said again.

"You mean it isn't ho-ho-ish any more?" said Piglet hopefully.

Pooh looked at him admiringly and said that that was what he meant—if you went on humming all the time, because you couldn't go on saying "Ho-ho!" for *ever*.

"But he'll say something else," said Piglet.

"That's just it. He'll say: 'What's all this?' And then I shall say—and this is a very good idea, Piglet, which I've just thought of—I shall say: 'It's a trap for a Heffalump which I've made, and I'm waiting for the Heffalump to fall in.' And I shall go on humming. That will Unsettle him."

"Pooh!" cried Piglet, and now it was *his* turn to be the admiring one. "You've saved us!"

"Have I?" said Pooh, not feeling quite sure.

But Piglet was quite sure; and his mind ran on, and he saw Pooh and the Heffalump talking



to each other, and he thought suddenly, and a little sadly, that it *would* have been rather nice if it had been Piglet and the Heffalump talking so grandly to each other, and not Pooh, much as he loved Pooh; because he really had more brain than Pooh, and the conversation would go better if he and not Pooh were doing one side of it, and it would be comforting afterwards in the evenings to look back on the day when he answered a Heffalump back as bravely as if the Heffalump wasn't there. It seemed so easy now. He knew just what he would say:

HEFFALUMP (*goatingly*): "Ho-ho!"

PIGLET (*carelessly*): "Tra-la-la, tra-la-la."

HEFFALUMP (*surprised, and not quite so sure of himself*): "Ho-ho!"

PIGLET (*more carelessly still*): "Tiddle-um-tum, tiddle-um-tum."

HEFFALUMP (*beginning to say Ho-ho and turning it awkwardly into a cough*): "H'r'm! What's all this?"

PIGLET (*surprised*): "Hallo! This is a trap I've made, and I'm waiting for a Heffalump to fall into it."

HEFFALUMP (*greatly disappointed*): "Oh!"

(*After a long silence*): "Are you sure?"

PIGLET: "Yes."

HEFFALUMP: "Oh!" (*nervously*): "I—I thought it was a trap I'd made to catch Piglets."

PIGLET (*surprised*): "Oh, no!"

HEFFALUMP: "Oh!" (*apologetically*): "I—I must have got it wrong, then."

PIGLET: "I'm afraid so." (*politely*): "I'm sorry." (*He goes on humming.*)

HEFFALUMP: "Well—well—I—well. I suppose I'd better be getting back."

PIGLET (*looking up carelessly*): "Must you? Well, if you see Christopher Robin anywhere, you might tell him I want him."

HEFFALUMP (*eager to please*): "Certainly! Certainly!" (*He hurries off.*)

POOH (*who wasn't going to be there, but we find we can't do without him*): "Oh, Piglet, how brave and clever you are!"

PIGLET (*modestly*): "Not at all, Pooh." (*And then, when Christopher Robin comes, Pooh can tell him all about it.*)

While Piglet was dreaming his happy dream, and Pooh was wondering again whether it was fourteen or fifteen, the Search for Small was still going on all over the Forest. Small's real



name was Very Small Beetle, but he was called Small for short, when he was spoken to at all which hardly ever happened except when somebody said: "*Really, Small!*" He had been staying with Christopher Robin for a few seconds, and he had started round a gorse-bush for exercise, but instead of coming back the other way, as expected, he hadn't, so nobody knew where he was.

"I expect he's just gone home," said Christopher Robin to Rabbit.

"Did he say Good-bye-and-thank-you-for-a-nice-time?" said Rabbit.

"He's only just said how-do-you-do," said Christopher Robin.

"Ha!" said Rabbit. After thinking a little, he went on: "Has he written a letter saying how much he enjoyed himself, and how sorry he was he had to go so suddenly?"

Christopher Robin didn't think he had.

"Ha!" said Rabbit again, and looked very important. "This is Serious. He is Lost. We must begin the Search at once."

Christopher Robin, who was thinking of something else, said: "Where's Pooh?"—but Rabbit had gone. So he went into his house and drew a picture of Pooh going a long walk at about seven o'clock in the morning, and then he climbed to the top of his tree and climbed down again, and then he wondered what Pooh was doing, and went across the Forest to see.

It was not long before he came to the Gravel Pit, and he looked down, and there were Pooh and Piglet, with their backs to him, dreaming happily.

"Ho-ho!" said Christopher Robin loudly and suddenly.

Piglet jumped six inches in the air with Surprise and Anxiety, but Pooh went on dreaming.

"It's the Heffalump!" thought Piglet nervously. "Now, then!" He hummed in his

throat a little, so that none of the words should stick, and then, in the most delightfully easy way, he said: "Tra-la-la, tra-la-la," as if he had just thought of it. But he didn't look round, because if you look round and see a Very Fierce Heffalump looking down at you, sometimes you forget what you were going to say.

"Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um," said Christopher Robin in a voice like Pooh's. Because Pooh had once invented a song which went:

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.

So whenever Christopher Robin sings it, he always sings it in a pooh-voice, which seems to suit it better.

"He's said the wrong thing," thought Piglet anxiously. "He ought to have said, 'Ho-ho!' again. Perhaps I had better say it for him." And, as fiercely as he could, Piglet said: "Ho-ho!"

"This is Terrible," thought Piglet. "First he talks in Pooh's voice, and then he talks in Christopher Robin's voice, and he's doing it so as to Unsettle me." And being now Completely Unsettled, he said very quickly and squeakily: "This is a trap for Poohs, and I'm waiting to fall in it, ho-ho, what's all this, and then I say ho-ho again."

"What?" said Christopher Robin.

"A trap for ho-ho's," said Piglet huskily. "I've just made it and I'm waiting for the ho-ho to come-come."

How long Piglet would have gone on like this I don't know, but at that moment Pooh

woke up suddenly and decided that it was sixteen. So he got up; and as he turned his head so as to soothe himself in that awkward place in the middle of the back where something was tickling him, he saw Christopher Robin.

"Hallo!" he shouted joyfully.

"Hallo, Pooh."

Piglet looked up, and looked away again. And he felt so Foolish and Uncomfortable that he had almost decided to run away to Sea and be a Sailor, when suddenly he saw something.

"Pooh!" he cried. "There's something climbing up your back."

"I thought there was," said Pooh.

"It's Small!" cried Piglet.

"Oh, *that's* who it is, is it?" said Pooh.

"Christopher Robin, I've found Small!" cried Piglet.

"Well done, Piglet," said Christopher Robin.

And at these encouraging words Piglet felt quite happy again, and decided not to be a Sailor after all. So when Christopher Robin had helped them out of the Gravel Pit, they all went off together hand-in-hand.

And two days later Rabbit happened to meet Eeyore in the Forest.

"Hallo, Eeyore," he said, "what are *you* looking for?"

"Small, of course," said Eeyore. "Haven't you any brain?"

"Oh, but didn't I tell you?" said Rabbit.

"Small was found two days ago."

There was a moment's silence.

"Ha-ha," said Eeyore bitterly. "Merriment and what-not. Don't apologise. It's just what *would* happen."





Robbie *and the* Rabbit

Once upon a time, very long ago, there lived a little boy named Robbie and he lived all alone in a tumbledown old shack.

How did he live? Well, he worked very hard. Every day he went into the forest and chopped firewood which he sold to all the country folk who lived thereabouts.

Now although Robbie lived all alone, that didn't mean that he had no friends for he had one. It was a rabbit. Robbie called her Frisky.

Every morning Frisky would call on Robbie and Robbie would give her a little bunch of carrots to eat. As soon as Frisky had finished her breakfast, she and Robbie would set off for the wildwood and while Robbie chopped firewood, Frisky would sit and nibble the grass.

Now there was something rather strange about Frisky. Robbie would often speak to her and sometimes it seemed to Robbie that she was just about to answer him. She would open her little mouth and blink her eyes. Then as if she were reminding herself about something, she would close her mouth and close her eyes.

"I'm sure you could speak if you tried," Robbie said to her one day. Then to his great surprise Frisky shook her head and a great big tear ran down her cheek.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Robbie, very worried. "Can't you tell me, Frisky?"

Frisky wiped the tear away with one of her tiny soft paws and nibbled a bluebell.

Then upon a certain very cold day, Robbie and Frisky were returning from the forest.

Robbie was carrying a heavy load of firewood on his back.

There at the side of the road sat an old man, clad in rags and tatters.

"Hallo, Robbie," said the old man.

Robbie stopped. "How do you know my name? I've never seen you before," said he.

The old man laughed.

"That may well be so, Robbie," said he. "But I've seen you and I know all about you."

Robbie began to wonder who the old man was.

"I'd like to do something for you," went on the old man and there was now a rather cunning look in his eyes. "Do you see that orchard over there?" and he pointed with his walking-stick towards an orchard, full of trees laden with apples, that lay on the other side of the road. "Well, in the orchard there is a very high apple tree with only one apple growing on it. I would like to have that apple but I'm too old and crotchety to climb the tree. Will you climb it for me—and bring me the apple? Then I will give you a silver sixpence."

Of course, Robbie was quite ready to pick an apple for a silver sixpence because that would buy him a dinner and a pound of carrots for Frisky. So he ran across the road swiftly, climbed the apple-tree, and picked the apple.

"Throw it down to me!" shouted the old man. Then Robbie looked down at Frisky who stood at the other side of the tree. He looked into her eyes and she seemed to be saying: "No, Robbie throw it down to me."

So Robbie dropped the apple right at Frisky's

feet and quickly she nibbled it. The next instant there came a blinding flash of light, a great gust of smoke—and *Frisky vanished!* In her place stood a beautiful young girl.

Robbie, startled and amazed, swung himself down from the apple-tree and as he did so, the old man uttered a shriek of rage, turned and disappeared amongst the apple-trees.

The young girl—who was about Robbie's age—took his hand and smiled. Robbie could only stare at her, his mouth wide open.

"I am the Princess Mayblossom," she said. "Last year that nasty old wizard quarrelled with me and in his spite he changed me into a rabbit. The apple he asked you to pick for him is a magic apple. He knew it and he wanted it. But I knew it was a magic apple, too, and you read the message in my eyes, Robbie. So we've beaten the wizard. You must come with me to meet my father the King and just as we have always been friends in the past, so we will always be friends in the future."

When they grew up, Robbie and the Princess were married and lived happily ever after.

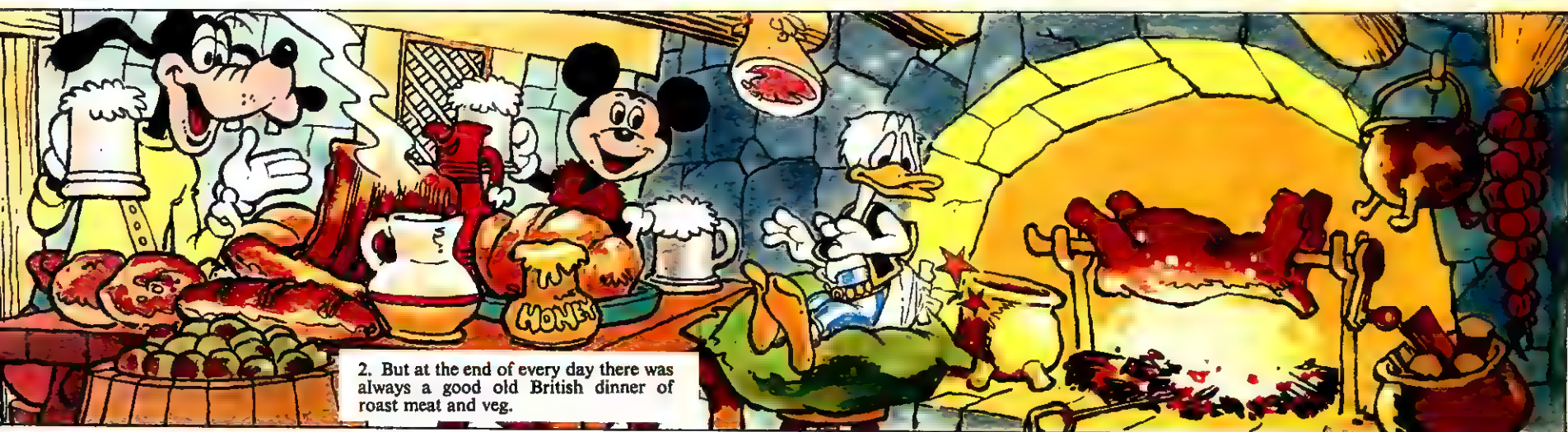


BOILED STRING

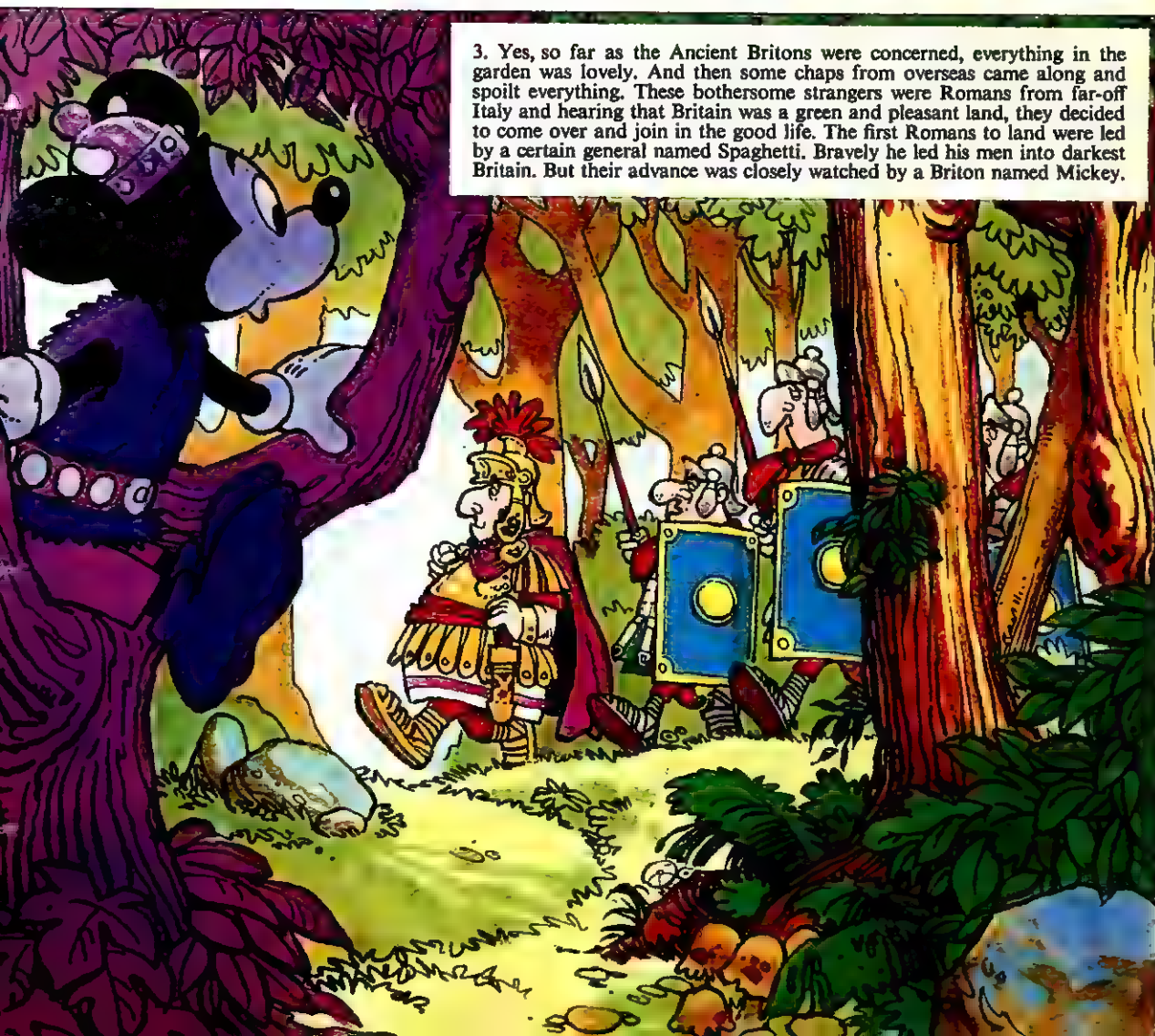


1. Two thousand years ago the island of Britain was very different from the country of today. There were no big cities, only little townships and villages. Instead of fields and meadows, there were great forests everywhere—forests where roamed thousands of wild animals—deer, foxes, wolves and even bears.

The people who lived there—today we call them Ancient Britons—were happy and carefree. They went out hunting with their bows and arrows and had lots of fun. Of course, not everybody was a good shot. At such times the fun wasn't quite so funny, especially if somebody managed to get in the way of a stray arrow.



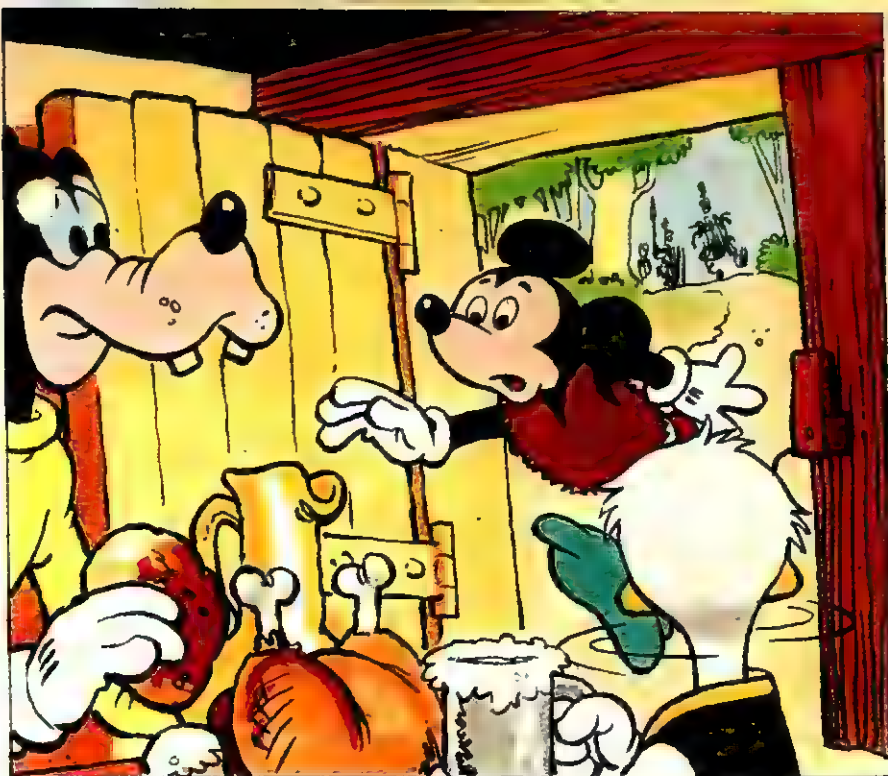
2. But at the end of every day there was always a good old British dinner of roast meat and veg.



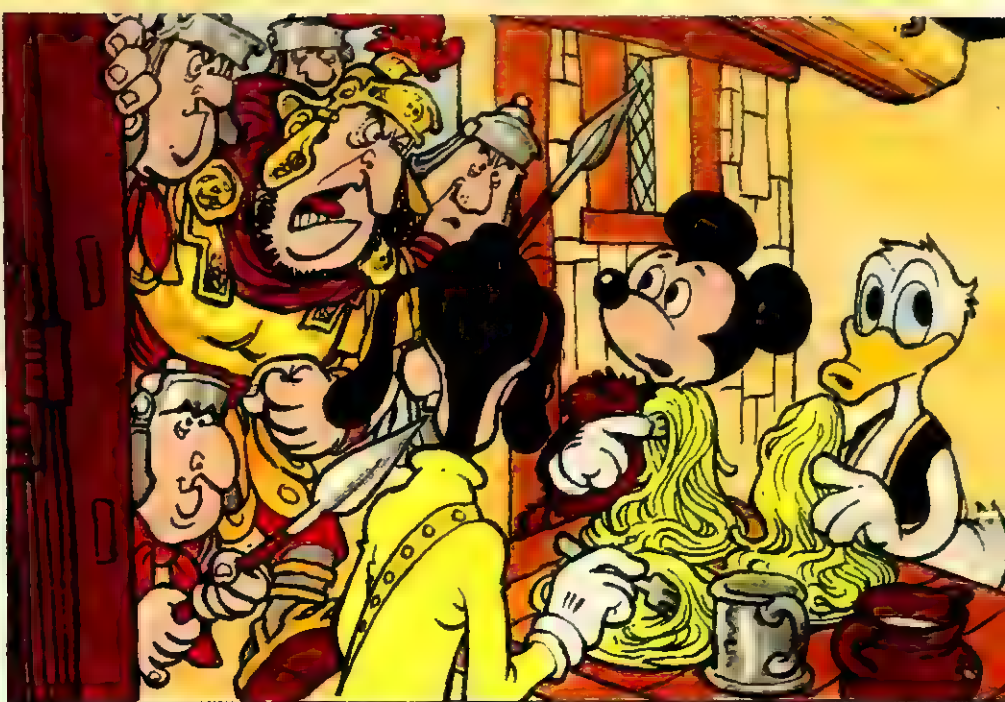
3. Yes, so far as the Ancient Britons were concerned, everything in the garden was lovely. And then some chaps from overseas came along and spoilt everything. These bothersome strangers were Romans from far-off Italy and hearing that Britain was a green and pleasant land, they decided to come over and join in the good life. The first Romans to land were led by a certain general named Spaghetti. Bravely he led his men into darkest Britain. But their advance was closely watched by a Briton named Mickey.



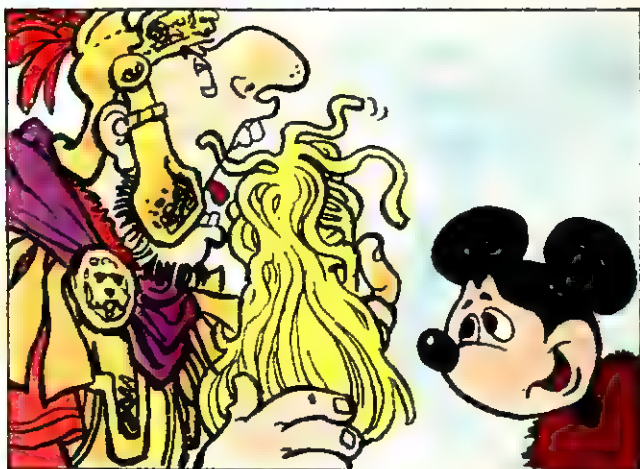
4. As soon as the Romans were out of sight, Mickey climbed down from the tree where he had been hiding and sped to tell his two friends, Donald and Goofy, that the enemy was coming.



5. When he got home, Donald and Goofy had just sat down to one of their extra-special dinners. Mickey dashed in shouting: "The Romans are coming! The Romans are coming! Quick—hide all that food in the cellar! If they see how well we eat, they'll stay here forever! We'll never get rid of them!" In two shakes, the table, like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, was bare. "What now?" Donald asked Mickey.



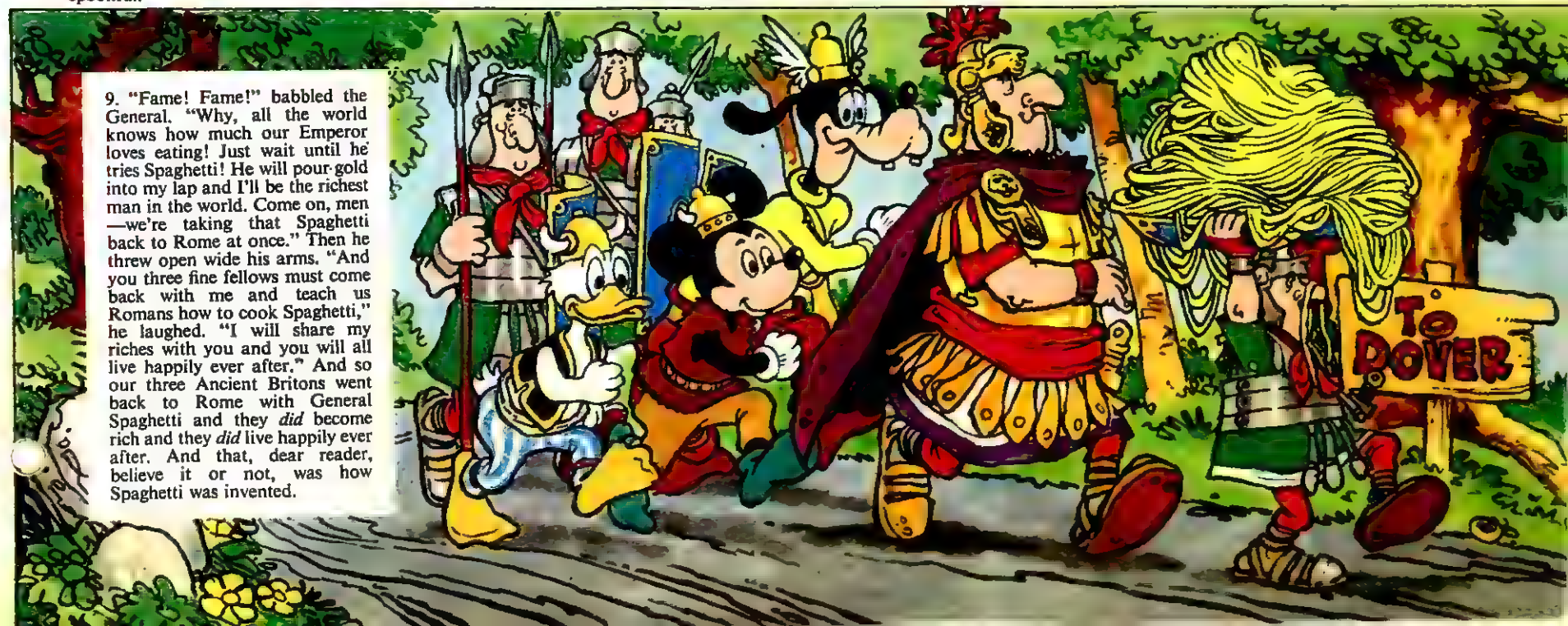
6. Mickey thought hard for a few moments. Then he snapped his fingers and chuckled. "Yesterday Goofy tried to make some cheese straws, remember?" he said. "Of course, Goofy being Goofy, everything went wrong and his straws came out like long lengths of string. They're hanging up in the pantry now. Let's put out three platefuls and when the Romans come, we'll make out we're eating real string because that's all there is to eat. If they think that we Britons only eat string, perhaps they'll go home and leave us in peace." No sooner said than done! When the Romans crashed into the cottage, they were surprised!



7. "What's that you're eating?" bellowed General Spaghetti. "Please, sir, boiled string," replied Mickey. "BOILED STRING!" repeated the General, very astonished. "Do you mean to tell me that you Britons eat boiled string?" said he. "UGH!" Mickey hid a smile. "Come on, lads," said General Spaghetti to his men, "the sooner we sail for home, the better. Who wants to stay in a land where they eat boiled string?" His men started to leave the cottage. The General was just about to follow them when he stopped and looking curiously at Mickey's plate said: "We Romans are famous for our daring—so I think before I go I'll try a little of that boiled string," and before Mickey could stop him, he scooped up a big spoonful.



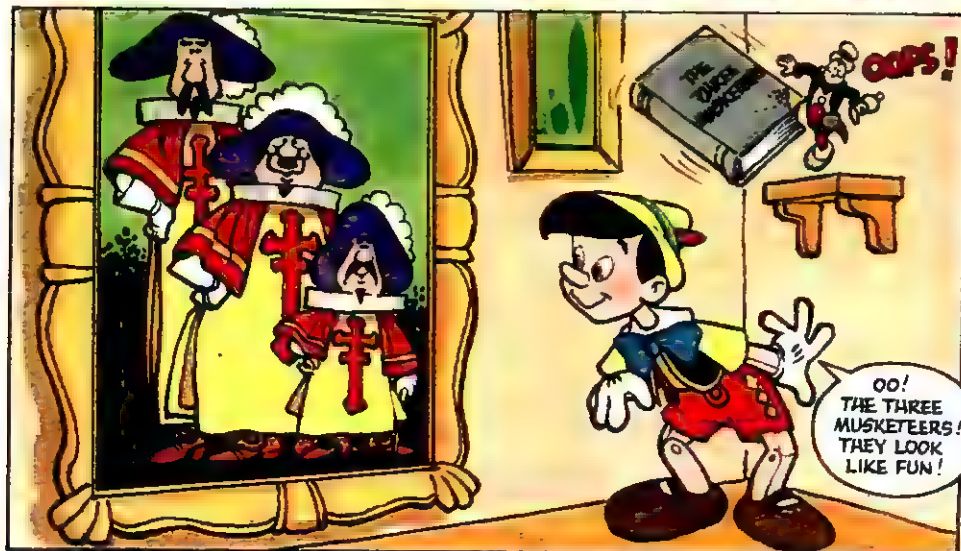
8. "GULP!" and the big spoonful of Goofy's cheese straws disappeared down the General's throat. There was a moment's silence and then the General smiled. His smile spread to a wide grin and he scooped up another spoonful. "GULP!" That spoonful went the same way as the other and the General laughed. "Odds bodikins!" he gasped. "I've never tasted anything like this before. It's wonderful—superb! I say, Briton, I do like your boiled string. Do you have a name for this heavenly dish?" Mickey shook his head dismally. His plan wasn't working out the way he had hoped it would. "Then in that case," thundered the General, "I'll name it after me. From now on this is SPAGHETTI!" and he grabbed hold of Mickey and kissed him on both cheeks.



9. "Fame! Fame!" babbled the General. "Why, all the world knows how much our Emperor loves eating! Just wait until he tries Spaghetti! He will pour gold into my lap and I'll be the richest man in the world. Come on, men—we're taking that Spaghetti back to Rome at once." Then he threw open wide his arms. "And you three fine fellows must come back with me and teach us Romans how to cook Spaghetti," he laughed. "I will share my riches with you and you will all live happily ever after." And so our three Ancient Britons went back to Rome with General Spaghetti and they did become rich and they did live happily ever after. And that, dear reader, believe it or not, was how Spaghetti was invented.



THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



Pinocchio, as you can see,
Is in a picture gallery,
And picture there at which he peers
Is one of "The Three Musketeers."

"I'd like to meet them," Pino said,
And then a book fell on his head,
The very book in which was told
The tale of those Three Muskies bold.



The heavy book knocked out the lad,
And quite a funny turn he had,
He flew away to land of dreams
Where everything's not what it seems.



Then Pino saw the Musketeers
And gave them all three hearty cheers!
He cried "By jingo, this is fun—
You're Must-Get-Theres—can I be one?"



Laughed Musketeers "Of course you can—
So take this sword, brave little man,
And follow after us, please, do,
We've got a fight at half-past two!"



Well, down the road they gaily trotted
And in a house some foes they spotted.
"Hooray!" bawled foes. "Straight at them—CHARGE!"
"Oh dear," cried Pino. "Aren't they LARGE?"



Right then began a lusty fight
And Pino fought with all his might.
The biggest foe of all the lot—
That was the one Pinocchio got.



"Not so fast now," said the foe,
 "And stand well back—wait half a mo',
 For you, some fun is coming up,
 Now are you ready, little pup?"

Well, Pino, silly little chump,
 Just stood there waiting like a gump,
 Till foe came back with tooth-pick grinder,
 And then became a grinder-winder!



He ground young Pino's sword away—
 The lad said "Oo!" in great dismay,
 "This sword is only just about
 Good for sorting earwigs out!"

Then great big foe attacked with glee—
 He had a mighty sword, had he,
 And with this sword he slung the lad
 Outside with all the strength he had.

Then Pino landed with a bump,
 Which wakened up the little chump,
 He got took home in time for tea
 By chaps who looked like Muskies three!



The Walrus and the

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
'It's very rude of him,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.



The sun was shining on the sea . . . it was the middle of the night.



"O Oysters, come and walk with us!" the Walrus did beseech.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

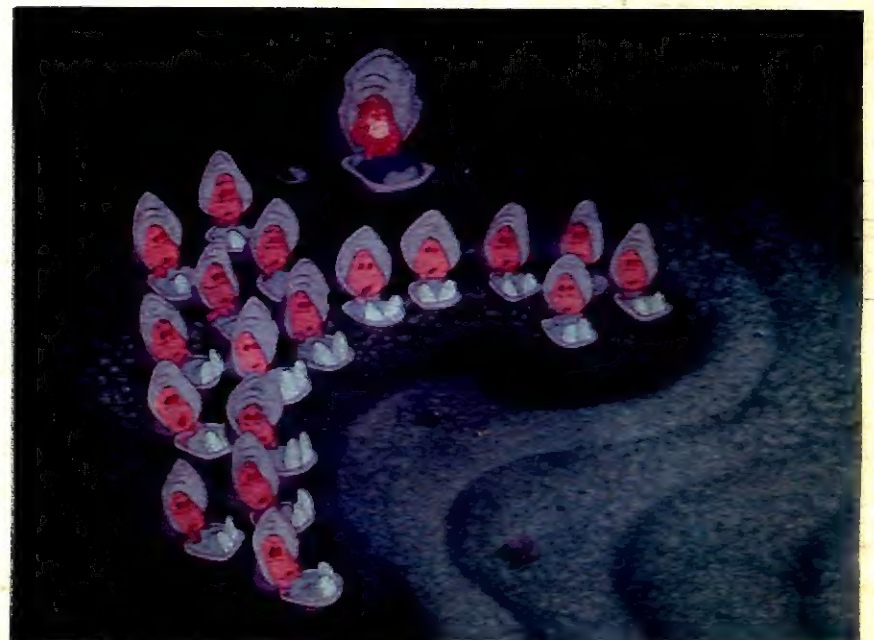
'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.



The eldest Oyster looked at him but never a word said he.

Carpenter

from the famous book
"Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll



"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried, "before we have our chat."

'A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
'Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

'But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
'After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!
'The night is fine,' the Walrus said,
Do you admire the view?

'It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!
The Carpenter said nothing but
'Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!'



"It was so kind of you to come! And you are very nice!"



"It seems a shame," the Walrus said, "to play them such a trick."

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

'But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
'Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!
'No hurry!' said the Carpenter
They thanked him much for that.

'It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
'To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!
The Carpenter said nothing but
'The butter's spread too thick!'

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said:
'I deeply sympathise.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again!
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.'

Now if you turn over the page there's more fun with the Walrus and the Carpenter.

The WALRUS and the CARPENTER

